



SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1907.

TIPSY CHINAMAN FOUND UP A TREE

HARLEM ORIENTAL SURPRISES A
PATROLMAN BY FALLING
ON HIM.

OFFICER HEARS ODD SOUNDS

Goes to Investigate and Is Greeted
with Shower of Ladies' Wearing
Apparel Followed by Gin-
Filled "Gin."

New York.—Of course any experienced playwright knows that the climax really comes in the third act, when Chin Kung Gin sits down on a hot heater in the Harlem police court and arises therefrom substantially at once and emits several loud, singed shrieks, but to begin at the beginning it should be stated that at six o'clock the other morning Policeman Lycurgus Hemmer was walking north on Broadway, near One Hundred and Ninety-fifth street.

There are trees in this portion of our great city, and from a close-boughed cedar standing on a vacant lot Policeman Hemmer heard sounds emerging. The sounds were something like a dollar watch being wound up and something like the finish of a six-day bicycling contest and something like throwing an apple core in the monkey cage.

So naturally Policeman Hemmer went over there and stood directly under the cedar trees and looked up. One of those felt slippers that turn up at the toe like a runner on a bob sled hit him in the mouth.

Brushing the slipper out of his face with a careless gesture, Hemmer looked up into the tree again. The mate of the slipper was in the act of descending from an upper bough, accompanied by a ladies' sweater, red, with large pearl buttons and a roll collar, a pair of long black tights, and uncoiled queue, an advance block straw hat and a small chrome-yellow Chinaman. The Chinaman was wearing all of these things except the second slipper.

They all hit on Hemmer's chest in such a manner that he accompanied them south to Manhattan island, where he seated himself in a recumbent posture and recovered his breath.

It was the Chinaman who opened the conversation. He spoke as follows:

"Gin."

"I knew that already," said Hemmer, "and not only gin, but if I'm any



Policeman Hemmer Heard Sounds Emerging.

Judge, beer and whisky straight, and high wines and denatured alcohol and fusil oil, and Worcestershire sauce, and horse liniment, and hearth varnish, New Orleans molasses and wintergreen chewing gum. You have a breath like a bonded warehouse. What d'ye mean by trying to push a pack- age like that up a tree?"

The explanation wearied Hemmer, and, besides, he didn't understand any of it except that the Chinaman was named Chin Kung Gin, and was a cook and lived at 29 Mott street; and, anyway, Chin had a liquid style of conversational delivery like a seltzer siphon, and when he put his face close to Hemmer's and talked fast Hemmer felt as if he were taking the needle showers at a Turkish bath. So he rang for the wagon and they all went down to the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station.

In Harlem court Magistrate Kernochan told Gin that he (Gin) was the first drunken Chinaman he ever saw in his (Kernochan's) life, but that he (Gin) was drunk enough to make up for all the Chinamen he (Kernochan) ever saw that were sober.

And Gin, through an interpreter, said the diagnosis was quite correct, and then he retired to the prison pen and sat down carelessly on the steam heater and got right up again, as already described, and patted himself on the reverse side. It is opined that while waiting for the second arraignment he will not be greatly discomforted if there should be only S. R. O. in the station house.

But none of these things explain to Hemmer's satisfaction how Chin Kung Gin happened to be so far from Mott street, up a tree in Harlem with those clothes on and that package, at six o'clock in the morning.

BABE'S AIM IS BAD, SO PARENTS ESCAPE

FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL KEEPS
MOTHER AND FATHER DODG-
ING BULLETS.

Oakland, Me.—"Oh, papa, see me shoot," said five-year-old Doris Bailey to her father, Edmund Bailey, on Upper Fairfield street, as she walked into the dining room at breakfast time the other day. The child carried in her hand a revolver and as she spoke she pulled the trigger, as she had been shown how to do by Mr. Bailey a few hours before, when the weapon was unloaded.

The revolver was pointed at Mr. Bailey, held tightly in the two chubby hands of the baby. "Bang," it went, and a bullet flew past Mr. Bailey's head. He ducked. Bang went the revolver again. This time



"Oh, Papa, Watch Me Shoot."

the bullet flew past Mrs. Bailey and she ducked also.

One Saturday night recently Mr. Bailey purchased a revolver and a box of cartridges for burglars. Sunday he sat down to overhaul and oil up the mechanism. He began finally to snap the hammer on empty chambers, much to the delight of his little five-year-old daughter Doris.

At the request of the little one to "Do it again," Mr. Bailey repeated the trick and even showed the child how to pull the trigger. Then Mr. Bailey carefully loaded the gun and placed it on the chamber stand near the head of the bed in his room. Mr. Bailey tells of the shooting as follows:

"My wife dodged and rolled around on the floor and so did I. I stumbled over chairs in an effort to get behind the child and so did my wife. Bang went a bullet into the top of the mirror, smash went another into the hanging lamp; hit went a third through that light of glass there; a fourth landed in the cover of the sewing machine, the fifth made a hole in the teakettle and the sixth and last hit my wife's work basket.

"My wife and I both yelled to the child to stop, to drop the gun. When the ammunition was all exploded and she could make no more noise, Doris sat down on the floor and screamed with laughter."

WHISKY AS SNAKE-BITE CURE.

German Emigrant Pours Liquor Down
Big Rattlesnake's Throat.

Port Jervis, N. Y.—A German emigrant employed by a farmer four miles above Lackawanna, Pike county, Pa., was sent to a field the other day to remove stone preparatory to plowing. Before going to work his employer gave him a bottle of whisky, with instructions how to use it in case he should be bitten by a rattlesnake. Snakes infest the locality.

The workman wore felt boots. He had been working until 10 a. m., when he saw a rattlesnake sunning itself on a flat rock. He got his flask of whisky ready and then stuck out his foot toward the snake.

The snake coiled up and rattled. It jumped its length and buried its fangs in the man's felt boot. Grabbing the snake about the neck, the man poured a good drink down its throat and released it. The rattlesnake was probably the most astonished snake in Pike county, and for a minute seemed dazed.

Then, as the effects of the whisky worked upon its system, the snake began to strike at everything within reach. It would crawl backward, try to get into imaginary holes, and twist about. It struck itself several times in the body, but, as whisky is a preventive for snake bites, it had no effect. It acted as though suffering with a "jag," and the men left it, expecting it would soon die.

About five o'clock in the afternoon they went back to see what had become of the snake. They were unable to find it at first, but finally discovered it at a spring from which it was drinking freely.

At their approach the snake lifted its head and eyed them sadly, as though it considered that they had played a mean trick.

New School Being Established.

The new school of commerce being established at Montreal will be conducted in French under the provincial government of Quebec, and as its superintendent the late principal of the Commercial university at Louvain, Belgium, has been chosen. The Chambre de Commerce, a French-Belgian and French-Canadian organization at Montreal, has been largely active in behalf of this new enterprise, which, it is expected, will raise the standard of education in the preparation of those aiming to enter business.

A MIND READER.

Mr. Deakmann (to friend)—Excuse me a moment, will you? (goes to telephone). Hello!—Who is it? Who?—oh-h—How do you do? How are you?

—Yes, I'm well—very well—We're all well, thank you—Oh, indeed? Why, that's too bad—I'm very sorry—Too bad—Oh, now, don't look on the dark side—cheer up—Things will come out right—sure to—you mustn't get despondent—That's all true, but cheer up—You're not easily scared—I don't know a woman to-day that has more courage than you have—I say, you have lots of courage. Yes, we do need courage, we certainly do—Oh, everything will be all right, I know it will—Let's hope for the best—Yes, try to, won't you?—Good girl—Call me up to-morrow and let me know how things are—Don't forget—that's right—Good-by (hangs up receiver).

His Friend (sympathetically)—Some one you know in trouble? Mr. Deakmann—Why, it's my brother's wife—but, I couldn't hear a word she said!—Puck.

THE COQUETTISH HABIT.



Mr. Acker—I don't like your new spring hat, my dear. Mr. Acker—I'm not surprised. Mme. De Swell said it was the sort of hat that husbands wouldn't like.

Extremes. For any one to hide his light Beneath a bushel—is a crime; But that fact doesn't make it right To hunt the calcium all the time. —Washington Star.

Amenities of the Fair Sex. Mrs. A.—I thought Mrs. C. was a friend of yours. Mrs. B.—And so she is. Mrs. A.—Well, she isn't. She's a hypocrite. Mrs. B.—How do you know that? Mrs. A.—Because she tried to get me to say something mean about you. Mrs. B.—She did? How? Mrs. A.—Why, she asked me to tell her what I really thought of you.—Chicago Daily News.

Convincing. "Don't you think," asked the eager young author, "that my book is convincing?"

"Oh, yes," replied the heartless critic, "it is convincing enough. It convinced me that you ought to be driving a team or doing something else of an honest nature to make a living."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Seeing Everything. Uncle Giles—There's one of them signs, reading: "Look out for pickpockets."

Aunt Furby—Well, what of it? Uncle Giles—I'm going to hang about here till I see one of them critters, if I miss the train.—Royal Magazine.

Unconscious Truth. "Don't you ever go to Madame Chiffon for your gowns?" inquired one society girl of another.

"No, indeed!" emphatically replied the other. "If I went to that woman and she made a gown to suit my figure I'd have a fit."—Baltimore American.

The Universal Feminine Law. "That clever Miss Penne confided to me such high journalistic ideals, and here she has gone to work on the most sensational daily in town."

"Yes, I know. Her ideals were all right, but you see, yellow is so becoming to her."—Baltimore American.

Very Likely. "I heard Babsy and his wife were not getting on very well together. What are the present relations between them?"

"I think they are her poor relations."—Baltimore American.

Bragging. "Our church is getting on wonderfully well. We've just lifted the mortgage."

"That's nothing. We've actually settled the church row."—Detroit Free Press.

His Hope. First Poet—They say that the editor of Blank's magazine has lost his mind. Second Poet—Well, I hope no decent fellow will find it.—Chicago Daily News.

At the Seance. First Medium—I cannot see ghosts as well as I used to. What shall I do. Second Medium—Consult a good oculist at once.—Cleveland Leader.

Taking Encores. "Do you think that writer repeats himself because of carelessness?"

"No. It's his egotism."—Washington Star.

Rats Make Nest of Savings. Washburn, Wis.—Joe Ferro, a laborer who for years has been depositing his savings in an old trunk instead of trusting the banks, the other day discovered that his money, consisting of some \$600 in bills, had been chewed to pieces by rats, which made a nest of the remnants. Ferro was about to use the funds in making a trip to Canada. His loss will be total.

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THE BANDS OF CALANTHE or Children's Department also constitutes a feature and persons cannot do better than to enter the little ones into this mystic circle. The expense is nominal and the benefits all that could be expected. It pays from \$1.00 to \$1.50 sick dues and death benefits of from \$30.00 to \$40.00. If you have no Pythian Lodge or Court or Band in your neighborhood, organize one.

For all information concerning the Children's Department address, Mrs. Anna Taylor, W. M., 120 W. Hill St., Richmond, Va. JOHN MITCHELL, JR., 311 N. 4th St., Richmond, Va.

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His Reason. "Why did you quit writing poetry?" asked one literary youth. "Because," answered the other, "I was unable to convince anybody that I had really begun."—Washington Star.

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